Yankee Doings

Vol. VIII Boston, Mass. Mar., 1927 No. 3

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President*

PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary and Editor*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

"What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him, you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard; you can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands, he understands. You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows, and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself."

Boy: "Please, sir, I've called to see if you can give me a job as office-boy?"

Manager: "But I do nearly all the work myself, my boy."

Boy (brightly): "Ah, that would just suit me, then!"

A BIT OF CHEER AT ODIVAL

Oh the winds from the West,
The winds from the West,
And 'tis kissed by the spray of the sea;
And it blows from home,
And it blows from you,
And it blows from my own country.

Oh the winds from the West,
The winds from the West,
And it whispers softly to me;
For it whispers of faith,
And it whispers of hope,
And it whispers of love from thee.

Oh the winds from the West,
The winds from the West,
And kind is this wind to me;
Kind to my spirit,
Kind to my soul,
And kind to my heart lonely.

Oh the winds from the West,
The winds from the West,
And it sings so sweetly and true;
Of how I am missed,
And how I am blessed,
By friends, by mother,—and you.

—J. H. LIGHTBOURNE
(Co. C, Signal Corps)

SQUARE TO BE NAMED AFTER DECEASED YD MAN

We have just learned that on Memorial Day the square at the junction of Beacon Street and Audubon Road will be dedicated in memory of Corporal ELMER N. BUSWELL.

Corporal ELMER N. BUSWELL served in Company D, 101st Engineers, and was taken prisoner by the Germans on or about July 16, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. He died July 31, 1918, from wounds received in action, while he was a prisoner of war.

The Oliver Ames Post of the American Legion will have charge of the dedication and have invited several military organizations (Co. D, 101st Engineer Veterans, included) to participate.

It is hoped that every former member of Co. D will turn out on this occasion.

UNTIL SANDY RETURNS BE PATIENT

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference. But when the editor makes a mistake—good night!—*Philadelphia Record.*

BETWEEN OURSELVES

On the subject of Art, we confess innocence of expert knowledge. We only know what we like.

* * * *

Through childhood we viewed with proper reverence the artistic backwash of the Civil War. Our town common, like most others, had its cast-iron Corporal, parade-resting on the roof of an inverted granite quarry—propped at the corners with artillery pieces of the period.

* * * *

After our own little party we once more faced the corporal chap. This time at a loss to know quite whether to laugh or to cry. Possibly, all unnoticed, French sculpture had exerted its subtle influence. "When our turn comes," we reflected, "and it won't be long, now—at least we can't get a worse break than poor old Grandad."

* * * *

It wasn't long. Bronze foundries advertised for unskilled labor, ran night shifts and soon their output of standardized tablets boosted our freight tonnage figures to a new high record. Worse still: Some of our more impatient brethren—and their aldermen—started taking a census of street crossings. Each, as checked off, was christened a "Square" and duly allocated to the memory of some comrade who had earned far better treatment.

* * * *

"Art is long and Time is fleeting." The passing years will ripen many worthy memorial projects into works of true craftsmanship and permanent artistic merit. Each addition to this select company is assured of a genuine welcome. The unit so fortunate or so provident as to be memorialized by an outstanding work of art, is to be richly congratulated.

* * * *

We hasten therefore to congratulate the 104th Infantry of the Yankee Division upon the Mural Painting by Richard Andrew, which it will unveil April 30 in the Massachusetts State House. We have seen the painting and been caught by its spell. We have heard unstinted praise of the work from artists of highest standing. We regard it as a masterpiece of memorial art.

* * * *

The story of the 104th Mural, which we hope some day to publish, is full of interest and inspiration. The finished product is a model of bold conception, good taste and able administration. If it so happens that your own unit contemplates a memorial, there is a lesson in this achievement.

* * * *

Still, we only know what we like. See it yourself.

THE HELPING HANDOUT

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

IN THE SWIM

"BILL" LOGG, formerly of D Company, 101st Engineers, was a contestant in the recent Catalina Channel swim. He writes as follows to L. B. (POP) SHANNON, of Worcester:

2835 Maine Av., Los Angeles, Calif.
Feb. 15, 1927

DEAR FRIEND POP:

Well, old boy, it did not take as long to thaw out as it did to start this letter.

I have been out of the swim game for quite a few years, but that was too big a shot not to have a try at. If I had won you sure would have seen me in Massachusetts this summer.

When I was out between 15 and 16 miles from the island, the press boat told me I had over two miles the best of Young. I went for about one mile after that, until I was numb from the cold and could not move.

The temperature of the water was as high as 61 and as low as 50 degrees, so you see the change had a telling effect. We boys from the South have not thick enough blood.

This summer there is going to be another race and I hope to do much better, as the water will average about 60 degrees.

I will always be glad to hear from you Pop, and any of the other boys. I have not met any of them, but would sure like to.

Your old comrade from Sunny California,

BILL LOGG

YD POST 290, A. L.

At the regular meeting of the Post held at the Club on the night of January 24, a debate on the Volstead Act was held. Comrades REDFIELD and CRESSWELL taking the Affirmative and JIMMY LYNCH and BILL CONNOLLY on the Negative side. The arguments were presented very well and showed that the members must have put in a lot of research to gather the facts presented. We learned a lot about quality, prices, and accessibility for dispensing stations both before and after the advent of Mr. Volstead. JIM ROSE was Master of Ceremonies, and each contestant was allowed ten minutes in direct argument and five minutes in rebuttal. After the Debate a vote of the body was taken and the Negative side was declared a winner, by a close vote, so unquestionably Prohibition is a failure.

At the meeting of February 14, the Ladies' Auxiliary, which has been recently formed and is in the market for new members, were the guests of the Post. After the Regular meeting, a Town Meeting was held. JIM WOOD was Moderator, and the Adjutant acted as town clerk. The big question before the meeting was the erection of a bridge to be a memorial to the Veteran from the Village. After a very heated discussion and a few personalities it was decided that the Bridge be a stone Bridge, the stone to be donated and hauled by SQUIRE LYNCH from his farm, the Bridge was to be paid for from the proceeds of the gambling fines assessed by the local court, which were to be raised to $100 for each offence. Then the vote of the Bridge itself was taken and it was decided not to build the bridge.

Everybody enjoyed a good time and a collation was served by volunteer K. P.'s from the members.

104th INFANTRY REUNION

The final outline for the plans of the reunion of the 104th Infantry is substantially completed. Some of the details are yet to be worked out, but for the most part everything is set. It is the sincere hope of the committee that all the members of the outfit will lay aside their rubles to assure their being present at the reunion.

We cannot definitely announce an invitation to attend the ball game between the Yankees and Red Sox on the 29th, but we expect that such an invitation will be received. If it is, we want to accept it in large numbers not only for our own sakes, but as an expression of appreciation for the courtesy of the Red Sox in inviting us.

The company dinners will probably be held at the following hotels: Westminster, Brunswick, the Lenox and the Copley Square. Eddie Holmes is chairman of the committee in charge of arranging for these dinners and if you want to get in touch with him, write him in care of the General Committee, 1107 Old South Building. It is probable that following the dinners there will be a midnight show at some convenient gathering place which ought to equal the Follies Bergere.

Then there is nothing to do until 9.30 Saturday morning, when we assemble for the annual business meeting and oratorical contest in the Gardner Auditorium in the State House. General Edwards and Mayor Nichols have been invited to address this meeting. After the meeting there will be a buffet luncheon.

At 2.15, the parade will start. The escort will consist of the army, the navy, such marines as are not down in Nicaragua teaching them how to carry out elections the way we do it in Pennsylvania and Illinois; units of the National Guard, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Legion, and some other outfits who have been invited but whose acceptance has not yet been received. The parade finally passes the State House, the 104th Infantry Veterans, and the 101st Field Artillery Veterans, and the 103d Machine Gun Veterans will swing out of line and go into the State House for the dedication.

The veterans of the 101st Field Artillery and the 103d Machine Gun are our guests. They supported us in the action at Apremont efficiently and effectively.

At the unveiling exercises, the principal speakers will be Governor Fuller, Assistant Secretary of War, Hanford MacNider, Brigadier General G. A. L. Dumont, French Military Attache, representing the French Government. After the exercises, Mrs. Shelton, the widow of Colonel Shelton, will unveil the painting.

The particular attention of every comrade is called to the fact that special provision is being made to take care of the parents of men who were killed in the service. The space available is very limited. It is therefore important for the committee to know who these parents are who might be glad to come. We want to send to them a personal invitation and a ticket to give them admission to the reserved seats. Local units and individuals are especially requested to give this matter prompt and personal attention.

After the unveiling exercises the Governor will tender a reception to the veterans present, and to the parents above referred to.

By this time it ought to be after 5 o'clock on Saturday, but it is not yet time to go home, stick around.

Saturday evening there will be a mammoth and colossal show in a vast auditorium at which will be presented some of the world's finest vaudeville, sparkling with humor, rolling with mirth and twisting with emotion. It is a composite program that would do honor to the court of any king in Europe. It is a man-only show, not that ladies wouldn't be welcome, but there isn't room for them, if you know what I mean.

THE FEBRUARY SMOKER

The Smoker on the 24th was a "wow," whatever that is. Which reminds me of my niece who had arrived at the age where she wanted to make everything rhyme. One day on the beach I said to Sandy and Fuller P. Nard, "Oh, see that big wave!" Toute-de-suite my niece said, "Wave, wave, looks like a thrave—whatever that is." So, if you wish to know what a "wow" is be sure to attend the next smoker.

"Tin Hats" was the moving picture and it certainly was a scream right from the start. The music was good and a great plenty of smoke abounded. There was sufficient coffee and sandwiches for all. Memorial Hall and the corridor were literally packed with one of the most interested crowds that we've ever had. There were many present who had not been around for several years but who vowed that they had missed some wonderful opportunities and that they'd be present at every meeting from now on.

It was amusing and a great tonic to hear the expressions with which some of the Old Timers were greeted. Long after the meeting broke up many groups could be seen all over the building talking over the old days with "Member the time....?" and "Will you ever forget....etc.?" If for any reason you have not been around to see us for several months, do not hesitate to come to the *next* smoker.

CONGRATULATIONS

"Reddy" himself is one of our best little reporters. But he carries this modesty business too far. In witness whereof, the following: "Editor, DOINGS,—I wonder how many of the boys know that D. W. "BILL" REDMOND, Co. F, 101st Engineers, is a proud daddy, having been presented with a boy, Bill, Jr., on last December 10th? Am not a "YD" myself (through no fault of mine, needless to say) but know so many of the boys that I get lots of pleasure reading of their doings in DOINGS.—A. W. M."

WALTER C. SEAVER, formerly Mess and Supply Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 101st Engineers, announces a son, born February 15, which makes the score 2 to 1 in favor of the boys. There is no truth in the report that Walter intends to have the young gentleman christened "Enuf."

News of the marriage of PALMER F. MITCHELL, Co. C, 101st Field Signal Battalion, about eight months ago has just reached us, but it's good news, nevertheless. While on a trip through Connecticut, Mr. Mitchell ran across his old comrade, MAURICE GRIFFEN at Thompsonville, whom he had not seen in seven years and a grand reunion was had by all.

"Every man give one day's pay"

REPORT OF PROGRESS

Dear Colonel Keville:

I was very glad to hear from your letter of December 6th that the General Committee has formally voted to proceed with the rebuilding of the church of Belleau.

In pursuance with your wish to have plans and estimates as soon as possible, I motored the following gentlemen down to Belleau yesterday: Comte du Boisrouvray, Vicomte Benoist d'Azy, M. d'Estailleur de Chanteraine, and the latter's chief draftsman. We reached the village at about 10.30 and were lucky enough to find M. Paillet in his house as he had come down from Paris for the day. M. Paillet, as you remember, is the owner of the Chateau of Belleau, which adjoins the site of the old church, and also owns the land near the entrance to the American cemetery where we expect to build the new church. We proceeded to inspect with great care the ruins of the old church which M. de Chanteraine photographed internally and externally and helped his draftsman to take all the necessary measurements of the interior, from which he is to draw up a ground plan. M. de Chanteraine, who as you know is a great expert in such things, considers that the old church possessed great architectural beauty, especially in its primitive state. He was able to identify the parts of the church dating back to the 13th and 14th centuries and those which had been added in later years and I believe his idea would be to reconstitute the church along the original lines. M. Paillet is going to try to find among his papers a photograph or painting of the old church as it stood before the War which he will send to M. de Chanteraine. He also took us to see the Chateau and pointed out some excellent stone which he generously offered to let us take if we needed it for the new church.

I called on Mr. Fitts, an American gentleman, who is in charge of Belleau Wood and who has lived at Belleau for the last three years. I had previously corresponded with him and he is now most enthusiastic about the idea of building the church on the upper level near the entrance to the American cemetery. He very kindly asked us all to lunch and sent to Torcy for the local priest and the Maire of the village also joined us. Mr. Fitts tells me that both these men are quite first class and can be trusted in every way and they certainly gave me the same impression. This time, however, we were able to avoid drinking the Maire's champagne, of which Bill Blake will tell you something. After lunch we returned to the old church and the priest was able to give some very valuable information to M. de Chanteraine regarding its present war condition. The priest then showed us the old wooden baraque which serves as a temporary church and which we could see was very leaky and unsatisfactory. He keeps there, however, some very fine wooden carved figures which he had saved from the old church and which M. de Chanteraine considers to possess great artistic and historic merits. We also visited the proposed site of the new church (see No. 4 on my map) M. de Chanteraine, however, considers that site No. 3 on my map would be much more suitable as it would be nearer the village and also more closely connected with the American cemetery. Both sites belong to M. Paillet and he told us we could have either one we wanted. I believe that the architect is justified in his preference and so do we all, but naturally, we would wish to have your opinion in the matter. I took several photographs of both sites of which I will send you copies if they come out. M. de Chanteraine, who has had a good deal of experience along these lines, thinks it would be better if the site were owned by a small corporation rather than by the village itself. This would avoid a great deal of red tape in regard to obtaining the necessary authorizations from the Prefect and other civil Authorities and would allow us to build exactly what we wanted and it would also eliminate the possibility of future village politicians interfering in any way in the use of the church. This Corporation would be owned, possibly a third each, by the 26th Division, the village and the Bishopric, but M. de Chanteraine will study the matter and give us his recommendations. The plan would be for the Corporation to purchase site No. 3 from M. Paillet who would pay to the Commune the same sum for the site of the old church. The purchase price would be practically nominal, say two or three thousand francs, and even if legal technicalities would require us to disburse this sum, I think it would be worth while for our own protection.

I cannot over-emphasize my satisfaction at our having obtained the services of M. de Chanteraine. As I think I told you, he is the President of the Architects Association of Paris and is considered one of the leading architects in France, and I think we should be very grateful to him for his willingness to undertake this comparatively small work which will naturally give him a good deal of trouble, but he has taken hold splendidly and is full of practical suggestions. He has promised to make a plan of the new church as soon as possible to be submitted to the approval of the American Committee and if this is obtained he will ask several of the leading contractors for bids for the construction of the church.

I really think we were able to accomplish a great deal yesterday and I am very glad we went for I believe that we obtained the hearty co-operation of the Maire, the priest, M. Paillet and Mr. Fitts, all of whom can be of inestimable value to us. My only regret is that you were not there with us as I should have liked to have you see the fine spirit of

gratitude and satisfaction shown by all these gentlemen. I hope to be able to write to you soon and give you further details and to send you the photographs.

Very sincerely yours,

BERNARD S. CARTER

YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL, INC.

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Div. Hq. Troop	$1,287.50	$135.00	$1,422.50
101st Inf.	1,029.46	158.00	1,187.46
101st F. A.	2,897.25	211.50	3,108.75
101st Tr. M.	28.00	13.00	41.00
101st Supply Tr.	92.00	15.00	107.00
*101st San. Train	463.00	76.00	539.00
101st F. Signal Bn.	232.00	40.00	272.00
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	133.00	25.00	158.00
101st M. G. Bn.	351.29	20.00	371.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	1,918.20	385.50	2,303.70
101st Amm. Tr.	404.00	137.00	541.00
102nd Inf.	701.53	179.10	880.63
102nd F. A.	1,288.25	152.75	1,441.00
102nd M. G. Bn.	627.30	52.00	679.30
103rd Inf.	788.20	274.50	1,062.70
103rd F. A.	1,066.00	87.50	1,153.50
103rd M. G.	191.00	48.00	239.00
104th Inf.	1,019.40	183.00	1,202.40
51st Art. Brigade	488.00		488.00
52nd Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	128.40	35.00	163.40
Misc.	1,001.54	147.00	1,148.54
Interest	64.40		64.40
	$16,241.05	$2,384.85	$18,625.90

1692 Donors
545 Pledges

2237 Total

*Includes: 101st F. H. Train, 101st San. Train, 102nd F. H., 102nd Amb., 103rd F. H., 103rd Amb., 104th F. H., 104th Amb.

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(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

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A. P. O. 709

In the February issue of "The Open Road for Boys" there appears a story, "Shorty's Lone Hand," by LEVERETT S. GLEASON, who was formerly with the 101st Field Artillery, Battery A.

Just another instance of the publicity power of DOINGS. In the February issue appeared a story of the artist's side of the "104th Mural Painting," noting the difficulty of obtaining a photograph of General Passaga, which the artist much desired. Hardly was DOINGS off the press when Dr. Austin, the watch-dog of the painting project, received a telephone call from General Cole. The latter informed Walter that he personally has an excellent portrait of the French General, and would be only too glad to allow its use.

Friends of genial RALPH "SHINE" EDWARDS (Signal Corps) will be glad to learn of his appointment to the Worcester Fire Department, February 14th. Shine had previously been a member of the Insurance Patrol of that city.

The Rev. LYMAN ROLLINS, Chaplain of the 101st Infantry, spent some time in Boston last month. Chaplain Rollins, who was formerly located in Marblehead, is now pastor of the Episcopal Church in Enfield, N. H.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of comrade FRANK GOSS will kindly communicate with his aunt, Mrs. H. A. Bronson, 176 Main St., Montpelier, Vermont, who has not seen nor heard from him in three years.

"Margaret, did I see you sitting on that young man's lap when I passed the drawing-room door last evening?"

"Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you hadn't told me to."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!"

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

THE MILLIONAIRE

Oh Shoot! Now what to do? When I think of those other days when I earned $25.00 a week and because I had so many debts from being out of work a couple of months. I couldn't buy new shoes and had to wear an old, ragged pair. And that's but a couple of years ago.

And now this! My bedroom, twenty feet square, all mahogany furniture, this wonderful old mansion out on Long Island, the glorious old park around it. And to think I own it and have a few million dollars worth of bonds in the safety deposit box at the bank. It is a strange feeling. I wonder if I'll grow discontented. I am somewhat so right now. It's lonesome as a grave here. And why, you ask. Well, picture me with 200 guests for the last six months,—old-time buddies from the YD.

Perhaps I'd better explain this train of thought. Well here goes! I was in Boston last summer and met some of the fellows and the thought came "wouldn't it be great to go to France." Perhaps the thought was not original, for hadn't I heard it spoken by a lot of them? It ran like a shadowy ribbon through all our talks about the old scenes and the old war days. Well, why not do it? I had ten million dollars and one man can never spend that on himself.

I think it was at Christmas time I wrote the War Dept. for all the names of the Company, officers and all, and began planning. Three hundred beautifully engraved invitations to all my buddies, whether I remembered their names or not, to be my guests on a trip to Europe all expenses paid and a gift of $1,000 for extras for each man. Two hundred responded—and accepted. The other hundred, poor lads, were invalids, had died or were insane.

Then they began to arrive! Oh boy, will I ever forget it. How Mike Connerty loomed up! In the army he was tough as malleable iron, always untidy, and always hated me like poison. My darned arm ached with his handshaking. I thought he was going to kiss me and he meant it all. He was dressed like a duke. Little Blackwell—we called him nigger for short—had grown fat and said he was a daddy of twins. Gee how he grinned as he stepped out of the gate at the Pennsylvania depot. I shouted so much and shook so many hands I could neither talk nor comb my hair next morning. I'll never forget it.

We all went to the Biltmore and had a big dinner in the evening and it was my glorious privilege to be the host. Some ate with knives, others were the acme of good manners and we all swore and shouted war stories together. The boat was to sail at 2.00 A. M., so at midnight we were on board—but not in tiers of canvas bunks. Thank God for my millions.

Six days of glorious sailing over a matchless sea and the night before we landed at LeHavre the sky was all ablaze at sunset with mammoth curtains of crimson, edged with gold and brilliant greens for the Irish among us, and flecks of every conceivable color spread over the water. The world was bathed in a mighty liquid of rainbow hues.

We landed in LeHavre in the morning,—there were the same grey houses and dull red roofs, the same black aproned kids talking French and piping up with "Souvenir," "chew gum," "penny," etc., the same women with wooden shoes—all the same—so little seems to change. No wonder it's called the "old world." It looks it.

We went by train straight for the Vosges. Paris had no attraction, for we were going back to the scenes of our first winter in France, where our dear old French mothers and grandmothers were, the old cafes, the old houses and maybe, who knows, the same mademoiselles we used to know.

We changed at Chaumont and arrived in Neufchateau at 6 P. M. Can I ever forget that bunch of hoodlums we were again, piling into the Hotel Providence. There was the same white haired "patronne," Jean was in the dining room and down the street we found a host of people we knew. We got pickled to the ears that night for sheer joy—every one of us.

I'd like to tell you about our trips in busses out to Mont le Neufchateau, Brechincourt, Villars, Reubeville, Bazoilles-Liffol, but space forbids. What a wonderful month that was. The only changes we really noticed were bigger manure piles in front of our former billets. Remember how, that first winter, we cleaned things up and how some of us who had never used any kind of a fork but a silver one, cursed the army in general and officers in particular, for giving us such work. Also do you remember cutting wood out on those hills in the middle of that terrible winter and how the gum filled up the little stove pipes and the roofs leaked like hell whether it rained or snowed. All the barracks were gone and half the excitement was lost because we didn't have them to sleep in. We visited the Countess of Alsace up in the castle. Imagine 200 of us parading though that place—well we did, whether you can imagine it or not.

Bazoilles looked strange—no hospitals at all—just pasture and planted fields. But the poppies and butter and eggs and cornflowers had never changed and the pine-clad hills were the same.

Every one of us cried when we left Neufchateau and went to Soissons and from there to Vailly, Aisy, Craonne, Vregny and a maze of other towns. In Soissons the place was all fixed up, the cathedral repaired, the bookstore on the corner running again, the little bakery rebuilt. We saw a few old-timers there. After a week we moved on to St. Blin, Rimacourt, Harreville, Andelot, etc. There in Andelot was the little house of a thousand smiles, where one almost expected Mrs. Fitzgerald to come out with cocoa again. St. Blin was unspeakably dirty and the warehouse down by the railroad station looked just as it used to. I remember, I had no soles on my shoes there and no bunk to sleep in one night and doubled up with another guy. The only way we could stay up in the thing was to sleep close and one of us hold on for dear life to the other.

After a week there we went by bus to Menil la Tour, Beaumont, Jouy woods, Seichprey, etc., all rebuilt or partly so, all untidy in a way.

From there we went over all our old battle fields, fought over the battles, wondered how we ever did it and with the true soldier spirit, looked for souvenirs. I picked up a battered canteen in the remains of a dugout we used as a first aid station in Jouy woods, another gang found some corroded rifle shells and other worthless junk, but it is priceless to us now.

My big camera—12x14—did 12 hours' work a day and we took 1000 pictures.

Around Langres, Rolampont, etc., we renewed acquaintances and stood around in places that in other days were "for Officers only."

Paris for a couple of weeks, LeMans, and home again.

No wonder I'm lonesome. If only just a few of the fellows could have stayed. Here I am in this big, luxurious room with silk comforts on the bed and — what's that? Sounds like a fire! I hope the old house isn't going to burn. It's a lovely place., Gee that's an insistent firebell. Must be serious. What the —!

For the luv o' Mike! If it wasn't for killing that Jamaican Janitor down there, cleaning up a week's accumulation of debris in our filthy court, I'd throw that darned alarm out the window toot sweet and no foolin! Migosh it's 7.30 and there's those blasted old ragged shoes and today's pay day at the office—25 lonesome dollars for a week of sweat.

Oh! well, it was a wonderful dream while it lasted.

—A. S. W.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

Many honors have come to the Portland YD Club in the past, but best of all is the election of two of our members to positions of trust in the Philip B. Frothingham Post 362, V. F. W. Vice-President FRANK DINSMORE was elected Post Commander and THOMAS SMITH (a fine member of a large family) was elected Junior Vice-Commander. Frank served overseas with Company G, 103d Inf., Smith being with Company C, 101st Eng. (It is not widely known, but the 103d Inf. was part of the 26th Division. Some people down here don't know what the 26th Division was!) Dinsmore is working for the Socony people though there is not much "gas" to his makeup. He will make an able commander. He knows his onions. After going through the war, Smith thought he would join the army, so he "took on" with Company F, 5th U. S. Inf. He is well liked, so much so that he was permitted to take the job of Mess Sergeant for his company, and we think this job deserves the D. S. C.

LEON E. HALL, Co. F, 103d Inf., otherwise known as "String" and now as "Long Haul," has been sick with complications of the throat. Don't know just what the trouble was, but we heard that his throat got dry and that he drank something it wasn't used to. It might have been something he got down to Secretary WITHAM'S "Watch Party."

JESSIE MOODY, otherwise known as "Midget" (Co. A, 101st Eng., served with him) is O. D. for Ralph B. Caldwell Post American Legion. He works for the Deering Ice Cream Company (we suppose they know it) as they say ice cream is fattening.

On Thursday, January 27, the Portland YD Club held its regular monthly social meeting. It is the scheme of things that the entertainment each month be different, so we had an old fashioned box party. Practically the entire membership with their commanding officers were present. Our President, GEORGE MORRELL was auctioneer and did a good job. A sizable sum was realized. While waiting for the coffee, Dr. POWELL, 101st Inf., told some of his funny stories, which were followed by dialect stories by Comrade RANDALL, Past Commander of the Ralph B. Caldwell Post. He was the speaker of the evening, speaking on "National Defense."

On Sunday, February 6th, HALL and LOVEJOY visited the Marine Hospital and found two former YD Buddies; ALEXANDER COOK, of Co. I, 103d Inf., and ALPHY CORMIER of Co. H, 103d Inf. They would like to hear from any of the boys who knew them. They are quite contented there and speak well of the food and treatment. Every bed has a set of head phones so they may "listen in" whenever they wish. They have a most complete radio set with a competent operator.

From the 10th to the 14th of February, Loring, Short and Harmon had the most interesting window display that has been seen in Portland for some time. In the background were the two flags of the Portland and Boston YD Clubs. In the foreground was a large picture of one whom we all love and respect, "Daddy" Edwards. May his name go down in history as one who was both an able commander and who had the respect of those under him. To the writer those two flags meant something more than just two flags, they represent the spirit of comradeship and loyalty that prevails between the two clubs.

Secretary WITHAM is still receiving congratulations on the useful gift he received at our Christmas party. We wonder if he is using it? Space prevents a description of it, but it is a very handy article.

The boys of Portland are very sorry to hear of Phil Sanborn's illness and hope that he will soon be on the mend.

—"MINNIE LA TOUR"

THE PERSIAN KITTY

A Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strayed out thru the kitchen door for air
When a Tom cat, lean and lithe and strong,
And dirty and yellow, came along.
He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat
As she strutted about with much eclat.
And thinking a bit of time to pass,
He whispered, "Kiddo, you sure got class."
"THAT'S FITTING AND PROPER"—was her reply
As she arched her whiskers over her eye.

"I'm ribboned. I sleep on a pillow of silk,
And daily they bathe me in certified milk.
Yet we're never contented with that which we've got.
I try to be happy, but I'm not.
And should I be joyful? I should indeed
For certainly I am highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom cat with smile,
"And trust your new friend for a while.
YOU need to escape from your back yard fence."

New joys of living he then unfurled,
As he told her the tales of the outside world,
Suggesting at last with luring laugh
A trip for two down the "Primrose Path."

The morning after the night before,
The cat came back at the hour of four.
The look in her innocent eyes had WENT
But the smile on her face was a smile of content.
And—after days, when children came
To the PERSIAN kitty of pedigreed fame,
They weren't Persians—they were black and tan.
And she told them their Pa was a traveling man.

RUSTY RIFLES

Camden, N. J., February 15

Friend Diablo:

I was amused by your article explaining how "Salesmen Won the War" as related in February issue of YANKEE DOINGS, and particularly noted your statement about firing your rifle twice while repelling the Boche invader.

Which moves me to make a startling confession. I helped win the war, and was cited for bravery while doing so, and did not have occasion to shoot rifle or pistol once with the object of hitting a "Heinie."

No, I was not stationed in the S. O. S. It was my good fortune (?) to have a job as liaison agent, or runner, and all my time at the front was occupied in travelling between battalion headquarters and company, or between companies of infantry.

When the 104th Infantry first took over the sector north of Soissons along the Chemin Des Dames, I was doing my stuff, and getting a kick out of the fact that "whizz-bangs" and machine gun bullets might come close but couldn't catch me.

During the famous free-for-all at Apremont, I wandered through the trenches in search of platoon officers and company commanders, and at one time got my bearings twisted, and spent a long hour or so plowing through deserted trenches between the French and German lines on top of the hill above Apremont. If you remember, the main trenches were rather close up there. Incidentally, a French outpost almost bumped me off before permitting me back within the Allied lines.

The Boche often found opportunities for using their rifles and machine guns while I was taking short cuts across open vistas at Apremont, but I was behind the front line, when a shell exploded on a dugout just as I dove in the entrance, and qualified me for a trip to the hospital.

Was not seriously injured, and got back on the job peddling news at Xivray-Marvoison, where we enjoyed the scenery much more than the 103d who relieved us.

Soon afterward, I trekked around the Belleau Woods, and wondered why the shells seemed to be coming from all directions. I sat on the hill and watched the French and the 103d Infantry as they marched across the meadow to take Torcy, and about an hour later, went across with the 104th to take Belleau. As one of the few available runners in the town of Belleau, I was elected to make numerous trips along the railway at the foot of the hill, and was convinced that the Fritzies were rotten rifle shots. It took a "whizz-bang" to stop me, and I was sitting down when they got me, which was not very sportsmanlike, to say the least.

The war was over before I was able to resume my duties, so I missed the hike around St. Mihiel, and did not participate in the dirty doings north of Verdun.

But the fact remains,—I did not have occasion to shoot anybody in line of duty, and while I've heard of many who found from one to fifty targets (and presumably got bull's-eyes), most of the "morts" I tripped over, or cussed for smelling so loud, seemed to have stopped a "75" or have parked in front of a machine gun.

As I recollect, there were several occasions when I almost shot members of the Yankee Division. In going through the front lines at night, it was customary to carry the trusty automatic ready for action, if on an active sector, and when dashing around a corner, it was just as much of a shock to me as to the fellow who happened to be holding the bayonet I usually ran into. It was just their dumb luck that I didn't shoot one of them. They were usually rather tense from watching the posts walk around out front, and perhaps Lady Luck favored me in holding their arm by the time afore-mentioned bayonet had gone through my O. D. undershirt.

Of course, there were other times when I would have gladly shot members of the M. P. outfit, but on such occasions I was usually unarmed. As I managed to crash into Paris several times, and visit various other famous "battlefields," such as Nevers, Lyons, Marseilles, Moulins, etc., I figure I got an even break with them after all.

Perhaps this faltering confession may prove of interest to others in the YD, who enjoyed the experience of being shot at, without doing much shooting. If so, I request one favor. DO NOT SIGN MY NAME. As my commanding officers came home and made many complimentary remarks regarding my prowess, it seems I have a reputation to maintain. And while silence may be construed as reluctance to admit participation in gory conflicts, the truth, and nothing but the truth, might relegate me to an honorary position as K. P. for the "Home Guard."

Yours truly,
Private 1st Class, 104th Infantry

INFORMATION WANTED

Following is a verbatim copy of a letter written by a French citizen of Waterville, Me., to an agent of the Quebec Central Railroad, and explains itself:

"Dear Sir—I got families wid sixteen childrens on it. Mos all of it come two on one tam an' I tink you call heem twin. One of it come tree tam at one tam, wich you cail her tripples, I tink. Mosly, dey come honly one at de tam. Now, M'sieu, I lak go down on St. Brownlee for make visit wid my hole man for bout two week an I wrote on you for ax you goin give me axcursion rate for took all de childrens over dare.

"If you dont was goin lef me hav dat special rate I dont was going for mak visit. If you got som second han ticket, I jes soon use it as use nottin. De more quick you make answer on my letter de more quick I going fine out wat you was said. Thank you."

WASHINGTON YD'S HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

On February 23d, the YD Club of Washington held its third annual banquet at the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., and from reports to date, a grand time was had by all.

General Edwards was the principal guest of the evening and was given a rousing welcome.

Other guests from Massachusetts included General Edward L. Logan, Collector of Port, Wilfred W. Lufkin, Col. William J. Keville and last but not least, P. O. Palmstrom, artist of the covers for YANKEE DOINGS. Moving pictures of the 26th Division while in France were shown, through the courtesy of Jack S. Connolly, a member of the Club.

YD CLUB of WASHINGTON

– a few notes made at their annual dinner on Feb. 23rd at the Wardman Park Hotel.

A LIVE BUNCH, WHO ARE BOOSTING THE YD AND PUTTING IT ON THE MAP AT THE CAPITAL, AND AT THE RATE THEY ARE GOING WILL SOON HAVE IT ON THE CAPITOL AS WELL.

I CALL THEM NOTES BECAUSE IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PARTIES WHERE THE MEN WORE TUXEDOS AND THE WOMEN LESS – AND TO CARICATURE WOULD BE INCONGRUOUS. IN FACT, THE FUNNIEST THING I SAW, WAS IN A LONG MIRROR IN THE BANQUET HALL. HAD SHAKESPEARE SEEN WHAT I SAW, HE WOULD HAVE REPEATED – "a hungry and lean faced villain, – a mere anatomy" – "give him plenty to eat."

MAJ. COUPAL (Physician to Pres Coolidge) PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB, OUGHT TO BE JUST THE MAN TO LOOK AFTER THE HEALTH OF THE YD. HE MIGHT EVEN KEEP IT FROM "PER(I)SHING"

COL. KEVILLE, Soloist FILLED THE VAST ROOM WITH HIS DEEP VOICE, AND EMPTIED THE ROOM WITH THE SAME. THE CHORUS OF CONGRESSMEN GAVE ~~UNANIMOUS~~ UNANIMOUS SUPPORT TO THIS "BILL".

A LITTLE "PEP STUFF" AFTER THE STUFFED PEPPER

GEN. GLASSFORD (Chairmen-Entertainment Com) WHO PUT ON SOME EXCELLENT 1/2 ACT PLAYS.

WHEN A CHAPLAIN FROM THE FIRST DIVISION SPOKE. – GEN. EDWARDS APPEARED TO BE INTENSELY INTERESTED ---IN SOMETHING ELSE.

A LITTLE RUSSIAN SONG AND DANCE

A GOLD MEDAL (designed by Maj. Glassford) WAS AWARDED TO THE NEW ENGLAND CONGRESSMAN, WHO IN ONE MINUTE (that's some limitation to put on eloquence) COULD TELL MOST CONVINCINGLY WHY THE YD WAS THE BEST DIVISION IN THE A.E.F.

FACE REVERSE

THIS MEDAL WAS 12" IN DIA.

CONGRESSMAN "BILL" CONNERY, WHO WAS TOASTMASTER TOOK A TURN AT CONDUCTING THE ARMY ORCHESTRA.

MAJ. BLANCHARD WHO WROTE THE SONG "BILL" KEVILLE SANG.

AND THERE WERE ALSO SPEAKERS OF THE EVENING AMONG WHOM WERE MRS. ROGERS, Congresswoman from Mass, GEN. EDWARDS, AND Asst Sec. of War McNIDER

HERE IS A PART OF THAT LIVE BUNCH REFERRED TO ABOVE.

P.O. Palmstrom / WASHINGTON, D.C.

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly
(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er Comp."

By the time this issue of DOINGS has reached you, we expect to have plans well on the way for some sort of affair, the exact nature not yet decided upon, but something to start the spring activities of H-er Comp. off right.

HOWARD CAMPBELL, whom we all thought was in parts unknown, has put in his appearance again. Strange to say, Howard has been living in Dorchester for the past few years, but his time has been taken up pretty much with his business and a wife, which we understand he has taken upon himself. Hard work and married life apparently agree with him as he is twice the Howard in size since we saw him last.

We met TOM DWYER on the street some time ago. Tom has been around, but not very active in H-er Comp. affairs. We have his promise that he will be a supporter of our association in the future.

BILL HAYWOOD, another good man of H-er Comp. Association, who, due to business affairs, has in the past been unable to be as active as he would like, says that he hopes to give us a little more of his time in the future, due to change of business.

We met JOE GALINIS the other day. Joe is living out in Savin Hill, Dorchester, and working in the drug business in Flood Square.

BILL HAYES, whose dashing figure could be seen any day in front of the State House doing traffic duty, has been shifted to the night force and is located at Scollay Square.

From all accounts, JIM MURRAY, who is the commander of the Lt. Lawrence Flaherty Post, A. L., of East Boston, is doing a great job in putting that post back on its feet again.

—E. H. C.

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

Col. JOHN A. HADLEY has been promoted from the governorship of the National Soldiers' Home at Danville, Ill., to the National Soldiers' Home at Los Angeles, Cal., which is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

Gen. JAMES M. HANSON, Adjutant General of Maine, has appointed Capt. JOHN E. HEALY, sheriff of Somerset County, as captain of the new company of the 103d Infantry, Maine National Guard, which is being organized in Skowhegan. Capt. HEALY was captain of Co. E during the war. Several ex-servicemen have signed up for the new company. Gen. HANSON was a major in the old 103d.

COL. SHERMAN M. SHUMWAY, of Skowhegan, has just returned from acting as referee in a very important legal case at Van Buren, Maine, where the famous International Bridge is located. Referee Shumway crossed the bridge and boarded at the Canadian hotel where personal liberties are less restricted, and besides the beds are better. All parties were satisfied, it is understood, including the referee.

Capt. JEAN LE MEITOUR, who will be remembered as General Cole's liaison officer in France, was guide through the Battlefields to GENERAL and Mrs. ALBERT GREENLAW, who is the Paris representative of the American Legion Tour for 1927.

Col. ROY L. MARSTON has been appointed Commander of the Military Order of the World War for the State of Maine.

Sergt. WALTER J. LESSARD, Hello Red-hot Poker Walter, won the "Free Trip To France" Contest of the Waterville Sentinel. It is reported that the Travel Committee have added another squad to the Tour M. P.'s in consequence.

—R. L. M.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

CAPERS OF "C"

RALPH CRUIKSHANK we hear is with the Morris Packing Co., of Brockton.

GEORGE SALT and HILL met in New York recently. George's business will probably keep him there for a while.

LLOYD GOODWIN was glad to hear the reunion was a good time. Lloyd is still at home and would like to see a few of the boys.

Some quantity was the representation of C Co. men at the last smoke talk at the Club. Looks good to see the gang smoking together again without sniping.

DAVE BIGELOW we are glad to hear is much improved and has left Saranac. Dave is taking it easy at Lancaster, Mass., and we all hope to see him soon.

KELLIHER recently staged a reunion of his own at his winter home in Brighton. For guests there were O'HARA, LYNCH, REILLY EAGAN and the now married YADLER. Joe has a faculty for staging some gala times.

LEONARD LARSON is with the Thompson Spa. The Spa is an old standby with him.

DOINGS OF "D"

LEON PORTER is driving a new Nash Victoria he recently purchased. Remember how Leon used to make the old side car travel?

OSCAR BOHLIN is the proud father of a baby girl. Oscar may have to go back to night guard duty.

The Columbia National Life Insurance Co. has just announced that THAYER QUINBY is now associated with them. Quinby says that besides life insurance he has a bang up accident policy that no one can afford to be without.

We understand that JOHN PENDLETON is now on a construction job of one of the Southern Railroads.

SETH GOOD is still going to school. Is now taking a course at Tech in electricity.

A new house in Milford is soon to be built by ELMER NELSON. Elmer wants the finest billet in town for his wife and child.

We want news, you boys away from Boston. Write in and tell us how the world is using you. Address Edward F. Walker, 10 State Street, Boston, Mass.

FANCIES OF "F"

ARTHUR CHRISTIE has decided that Pop Palmstrom looks so prosperous that he too has started drawing pictures for a living. "Pop" is slipping along other lines, however. Has not had an addition to his family now in three years.

LAURIS GODFREY is now a Sergeant in F Battery of the present 1st Corps of Cadets. Lauris, by the way, is one of the crack rifle shots of the regiment.

"PHIL" SANBORN is having more than his share of hard luck these days. He is just home from another trip to Chelsea Naval Hospital with an attack of sciatica. We are glad to report as this paper goes to press that he is feeling much better.

"BILL" FORD has changed his billet again. He is now residing at 858 No. Curson St., Los Angeles, and knocking out a living selling Duraflex Flooring. Says he would like very much to see any of the boys that might hit Los Angeles in their travels.

I know of five members of the company who are planning to go to France in September. If any one wants to get all details about the trip, drop a line to the Club, attention of Redfield, and your letter will be promptly answered. The first requirement is that you belong to the American Legion. If you are not now a member of any Post, why not join the YD Post and get acquainted with hundreds of the finest fellows that served in the Division? Seventeen members of F Company now belong to the Post.

Eighteen members of C Company enjoyed the last Smoker. May have missed some, but did see CICCOLO, "AL" DAY, MILLER, SNAPE, BROWN, CASEY, KEENAN, WEAVER, HIGGINBOTTOM, BARCLAY, MOLLOY, STEIGER, EMERSON, REDFIELD, LINDGREN, PURDY and MAES.

The next Smoker also the annual meeting of the Club, is to be held March 10th. Save the night and enjoy seeing many of the old crowd again. "AL" DAY'S fine work on the Board of Governors the past three years has been rewarded by his being nominated for re-election to the Board. Come and give "AL" the biggest vote ever cast for any candidate.

COMPANY A
102d MACHINE GUN BATTALION

OLIVER E. ST. PETER died February 20, from an acute attack of appendicitis. He will be especially remembered by his clog dancing at our last reunion (September 1926) at Rutland, Vermont, his home. Peter enlisted in the First Vermont Infantry from Proctor, Vermont, on June 4, 1917, was assigned to Co. A in August, and will be especially remembered during our initiation into the mysteries of France, when he was the attraction for much jealousy by reason of his ability, not only to speak intelligible French, but also to understand the natives. In January 1918, he was transferred from "A" to Bn. Hdqtrs, but always kept in contact with "A" Company. We shall miss him.

The piano business must be good in spite of there being a little radio in every home. To be specific, EDWARD J. NEWBY has recently bought a house on Saltonstall Road, West Medford.

Two ex-South Bostonites, HAROLD BATTEN and FRANK FARDIE, patronize the YD Club regularly—principally at bowling. Time does tell. "Bat" still stands by Smith Patterson and lives in Boston. Fardie has something to do with milk and is billeted in Somerville. That reminds us that RALPH GEORGE, financier from Malden, captains the bowling team of the Atlantic Corporation.

We apparently did miss something—or someones—by not being in the Army of Occupation, according to "Tin Hats." Among the many not present at the Club was "POP" COVEY, who was visiting his old home in Maryland, HARRY RODD was busy being president of something or other, FRANK HITCHCOCK simply refused—and so on.

Mud and the Opera, battlefields and Paris, and intermediate sights will be more than recollections to "BUCK" FREEMAN and "ART" HAVLIN. They're going back. If you think you left a franc-note in the crevice of some dugout, give them the number on the note, the co-ordinates of its location, the date it was forgotten, and similar data. They'll earn the money. Better go yourself.

EXTRA ! ! Real "A" Party, March 26th. Save the date. Details will be sent by mail. —A. C. H.

103d MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Old C Company staged a real old "Bean Supper" in the American Legion Home, 9 Thomas St., Providence, R. I., Wednesday night, February 9th. This was a Stag affair and everybody who went thought he was back in some billet in France.

DAVE WARD, old Top-Kick, is back at his old job Top-kicking a detail for the City of Providence Highway Dept. No wonder those manure piles were no obstacle to Serg. Dave.

"NICK" DESTEPHANO, the Company barber, is still cutting hair. He has improved a lot since he was in the Army, though. Yes, of course, he'd have to.

CORPORAL BOB MURRAY has moved up to the Webster, Mass., sector, where he has taken a new position. Anyone billeted in that town should try to get in touch with Bob.

—W. G. T.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

(Editor's Note.—Some of this news is a month old due to the fact that a sack of Club mail was temporarily lost in the Boston post-office.)

Lieut. LEON F. DENIS (Supply Co.) has been transferred from Hqrs. 8th Engineers, Fort Bliss, Texas, to 1095 Motor Transport Co., same place.

Chaplain CHARLES K. IMBRIE has been transferred from Penn Yan, N. Y., to Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newburgh, N. Y.

Cook CHARLES PASIN (Co. K) was bemoaning his fate not long ago, when his auto was stolen in Springfield. He came up from Thompsonville, Conn., to go to a show. He got it back, however, when the men who stole it were caught while attempting to hold up the occupants of a car out near Palmer.

Major JAMES RIVERS (Co. B) is attending school at Fort Benning.

It is rumored about town that 1st Lt. KENNETH MUNYON, Co. B, is going into the National Guard as a Lieutenant and will be assigned to Captain JIM LOOMIS' company. How these old soldiers stick together!

The boys in Co. F will all remember WHEELER. He still works for Uncle Sam, but in the railroad mail service. No more army life for George. He is married and settled down. He is allowed to go to the American Legion Meetings twice a month.

Sgt. MARSHALL SHEAR (M. G. Co.) has developed into quite a pool expert. Will soon be able to give TOM SHEA a tough battle.

JOHN ROSS (Co. L) is manager of a branch store of the Metropolitan Furniture Co., Springfield, located at Winchester Square. Drop in and see him.

CARL NORDSTROM (Co. M) is a guard at the Hampden County Jail. Drop in (for a few minutes) and he will show you around.

I saw Sgt. ANDY SHEA and Lt. WALLY DAY (Machine Gun Co.) not long ago in Springfield. They were talking very confidentially to each other. I wonder what Wally was doing so many miles from the hub! I think in due time he will tell us about it.

CARL SAMPSON (Co. G). Well, Carl, where have you been keeping yourself, just got a look at you the other day. Ha! Ha! Looking at furniture, were you? Oh, well, go ahead; it's all right.

Springfield unit held a meeting, February 9th. There were quite a number of the old standbys present and all "raring to go" April 29-30th. All Observation Posts in Western Massachusetts are working overtime trying to gather information in regard to the coming activities.

Some other city or town must give the 1928 reunion some serious thought or we may find that the Boston reunion this year will ring down the curtain on future affairs of this kind.

Can anyone tell where Lt. ALBERT W. MACAULEY is, if alive? It has been reported that he died within the last year, but no one seems to have positive information.

Top-kick J. J. HOWARD (Co. L) is living in Springfield. He says he will be at the reunion sure.

Captain HERBERT L. SCARLES (Co. C) informs me that his old company is going to have a reunion in Worcester in the near future.

Glad to read about our buddies from down Cape Cod way. We are tucked away back among the tall sticks and 100 miles or so away from the YD Club. You see a word about any of the old gang means a lot to us during the long winter months before we are shoveled out in the Spring.

Where is JIMMIE ARMESON (Machine Gun Co.)? We read a gasp from him a couple of months ago from somewhere down in Florida. What are you doing, James, are you coming up to the reunion April 29-30th?

Sgt. KURT STERNBERG (Hdqtrs. Co.) is doing a whale of a business with all kinds of insurance. Was looking for a salesman about two weeks ago. Here's to you! And I hope you do as well in your new line of endeavor as you did as an interpreter in Quincy Woods. I guess you will remember that little dugout (two feet deep) where you and two or three French soldiers lived and kept your telephone equipment.

Glad to see "Doctor" tacked on to the name of Major WALTER W. AUSTIN. We will not know just what to say now when we meet him. But we can say this much right from the heart, we are glad you persevered and the best of luck to you.

Talking with BILL AVIS (Hqrs. Co.) the other day. He has charge of one of the branch stations of the United Electric Light Co., Springfield. He said his brother Bert, who was in K Co., is working in Atlantic City as an electrician.

CARL HOUGHTON (Co. L) who was awarded the Croix de Guerre at Bocque, April 28, 1918, is now living in Springfield.

Looked in on a party in the Worthy Hotel, January 22d, and wondered what it was all about. I was informed it was a reunion of the old 2d Mass. Infantry officers. COL. LAMB (103d Infantry) was there as a guest. There were a number of old-time officers who saw service in the Spanish War as officers of the 2d Mass. Vol. Inf. and officers who fought many a bloodless battle during the summer maneuvers of by-gone days. They sure were having a good time.

Ask BILL SNYDER if he sold more than one YD emblem for auto radiators. I have seen but one, that was in Springfield in January. What's the matter, everybody ashamed of it? I have not seen any in Boston or Worcester.

How about the contributions to the "Overseas Memorial"? It seems the 104th Infantry has lost its stride. It should be right up among the leaders in amount received. Remember it's cash that draws interest, not pledges.

Sgt. DON KERSHAW (Hqrs. Co.) was seen not long ago trying to beat the signal of a traffic cop telling him to stop. Look out, Don, they'll get you yet.

There will never be another unveiling. It will probably be years before there is another reunion in Boston. No matter how many centuries the world goes on, there can never be another first organization of American military forces to have its colors decorated by a foreign government. Remember that some day a little boy will say to you, "Daddy, what did you do in the great reunion?" Let your conscience be your guide, let your pocketbook be your friend, let Boston be your destiny, let your destiny be reached.

Come and have a good time or come and find fault with the committee or the city or the painting, or crab about some of the officers you had, or make alibis as to why you weren't decorated or promoted, do anything you want after you get here, but come. In closing let us be frank. Every man wants to have a good time and to do just as he pleases, but let us remember that on Saturday there will be lots of young people, children in town brought by their parents for the purpose of stimulating in them patriotism and let us not forget that in their eyes we are heroes and nobody will tell them the real truth about us. Let those who like their rum handle it sensibly, at least Saturday, and let us see no man of the 104th Infantry under the influence of liquor on the street that day.

If there is anything here that you think we ought to have done, let us know; if there is anything you think we ought not to have done, say so.

Pvt. SELEIG (L Co.), tallest man in his company, is seen quite often strolling into Sgt. VIC GAGNON'S auto store. I understand they have some hot arguments as to just why "CC" pills and "iodine" were the only two remedies available when he reported to the infirmary in Pompierre for relief from growing pains.

Sgt. EARL F. BLISS says the Pill Rollers will meet on the Harvard Bridge April 29-30, some time. Bring your kilties as it is expected there will be a Scottish oration given by one of the former members of the Medical Detachment.

You should see the film of the reunion in Springfield last year. There you are, right out in front as big as life as you marched by the camera at Apremont Triangle. It's a great picture and the property of the association.

Lt. KEN. MUNYON (Co. B) is back in Springfield again after living in Detroit for the past six years.

Saw Sgt. ARTHUR FALES (Machine Gun Co.) on the street not long ago. He is still selling candy. You know he is known as the "Best Mess Sergeant in the A. E. F." Well, he should be. He enlisted in Co. K, 2d Mass. Infantry, in 1894 and has been handling army rations for a number of years.

Co. I holds its reunion every year around the 10th of April. It is a great idea. I hope more companies will fall in line in years to come. Just think of the years the Civil War Veterans have carried out this plan!

FRANCIS GRIFFIN (Co. G) is a mail carrier. He is seen every morning plodding along, rain, snow or shine, always with a smile and "good-morning" to every one.

—G. A. R.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

Just for a little reminiscence (you'll find that in the dictionary—I did!). The first of March, 1918, you know we were up in the Chemin des Dames sector washing (when we washed) in brooks cold as ice; sleeping in barracks, dugouts or caves; walking all over the woods trying to find new French canteens; getting lost in mud and wondering if the Germans would ever be so foolish as to try to get over those hills again.

Blinker, buzzerphone, semaphore classes, etc., in Billy-sur-Aisne; the sun came out on March 5, much to our surprise. On the sixth we had good biscuits! Those were the days when we used to get Shorty Graham mad by calling him a boy scout and Winterbottom (remember him?) got peeved because we called him Coldass! Cable details, aerial raids, night bombing, many evening walks after mess, arguments and Simpson, Johnson and Reichmann in the barracks after lights were out—need I say more?

Daylight saving began on March 9 at 11 P. M. Much candy and cake received from our homes. More classes in radio, cable splicing and visual signaling. C Company moved to A Company barracks on the eleventh and Billy-sur-Aisne bombed on the twelfth—ever forget that? Now, warm days but cold nights and very damp; much activity these nights all along the front. A and B Companies left at 8 A. M. on the 18th and C Company had to clean the offices!! It was one of these days that Winterbottom stood for an hour in mess line so as to be first when Sgt. Hutty came out, and yelled, "Fall in for mess; column about face!" That left the little corporal in the rear and his face was white with rage.

Barlow sick from eating chocolate; Baird's foot sprained and somebody stepped on Courter's foot. Since C Company is alone there is not much to do except to walk and enjoy ourselves; one afternoon we stayed on a hill overlooking Soisson while it was being shelled. We had a "cock fight" on the 20th and also "rattle the can" game. One night I treated some fellows to a "Muskat" but I had ice water (well, that was before prohibition). We met Battery D, 101st F. A., on its way to Soissons.

A heavy barrage kept up all during the night of the 20th. The next day we were all ordered to carry gas masks and to stick close to camp as we might be ordered out at any time. Plans had been made to embark from Soissons but because of continued shelling of the station we'd go on to a place which turned out to be Ambleny-Fontenoy. One of us saw a pretty wild flower and upon asking the name of it a French woman amused us by saying it was "Coo-coo."

The 23d was damp and foggy, but we arose at 4.45 and burned our straw and hay before breakfast. Because we had to wait for the Engineers to depart, we could not leave the above station until 6.30 P. M. It was while waiting at Bar-sur-Aube that we heard about Paris being shelled and there also that the big wine barrel was tapped—'member? The 25th found us at the Lifiol-le-Grand station; in a *millinery* store we bought figs and cheese! Our hike ended at St. Blin where we were greeted by Freeman, Ross and Ripley. Hiking, drilling and digging holes constituted our details here that week. Saturday, the 30th, was one of suspense but we left for the Toul sector the next day after a night, and a cold and uncomfortable one, spent on wooden slats. This was because all but two of us had burned our straw and would not unpack our rolls for blankets.

—G. W. T.

101st FIELD ARTILLERY

Our old skipper, SINNY WEEKS, is well mixed up in politics in Newton. He is now President of the Board of Aldermen of the city. Atta Boy, Sinny.

MIKE MCLAUGHLIN, the best mess sergeant in the A. E. F. (if there was a good one), is peddling insurance as a broker. Look him up, boys, and insure the old hack with him this spring.

BUD POTTER is still Manager of the Chevrolet joint at Davis Square, Somerville. He is also in politics in the Garden City of Newton. He got licked by a very small margin in '25, but managed a successful campaign in '26. Rumor has it that Bud is going *out to win* this coming year. All we Newtonites are with you, Bud.

BILL MARLEY is on house duty at the Charles River Basin Police Station of the Metropolitan. Bill is married now. He will be glad to see any of the boys anytime—with or without a police escort.

Cook BILL MALONEY directs traffic at night in Newtonville Square. Bill says he likes this job as there is nothing to do.

JACK SHERIDAN is also a cop in Newton. Jack is studying

law at Suffolk Law School. BUD POTTER is also a third year student at the same school.

Saw MICKEY MCGUNNIGLE at Charles Street Jail the other day. No, he isn't locked up—he is Sheriff Kelliher's right hand man. If you have any choice—pick Charles Street.

There is going to be a hum dinger of a reunion early this year. This is our tenth anniversary and a good time (wet or dry) will be had by all.

We are sorry to record the death of the wife of DAVID T. MORTIMER, Headquarters 101st F. A., which occurred at Winthrop, Mass., February 26th.

—B BATTERY BUG, Esq.

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

After a lapse of some time, we are back on the map again, but unless someone comes across with a bit of news, I can't promise how long it will be for.

Our gang seem to have dropped dead, particularly as far as the Overseas Memorial is concerned. We still are in third place in the amount of contributions but unless we get some new money quickly, we will be about thirteenth. The plans are now going forward in good shape and the Church will be started soon. Please send in your contributions to the Treasurer.

Our own BILL MCGINNIS, State Commander of the Legion, has been discharged from the hospital. We all hope he will be back on the job real soon. It's hard to keep a good man down.

Thursday, February 24th, the Medical Detachment met at the home of DR. EDWARD D. RUSHFORD, of Salem. Twelve men reported for duty and there were only two serious casualties. Captain PEABODY of Salem was on hand and gave the gang some of his own inimitable fried clams. DOC. GUNTER, DOC. EAMES, and BON JOUR BURNHAM made their first appearance at one of these reunions, but they all promised it won't be the last.

A permanent organization was formed with PAUL MOORE as president, DR. RUSHFORD as Vice-President and yours truly, as Secretary-Treasurer. DOC. EAMES drove down from Lowell where he is conducting a hospital for small animals.

BURNHAM is still with the United Shoe at the Lynn office.

LARRY PAGE is back in the Guard as a captain in the 101st Artillery.

Our own BILL HOWE is playing on the Boston team against the English Squash team. He gives as good account of himself on the court as he did in the army.

—SANDY

TAPS

CASPER W. HAHNEL, formerly 1st Lieutenant, Headquarters Company, 103d Infantry, died January 29, 1927, at Mount Kisco, N. Y., following two operations. Since the War, HAHNEL has been active in the Carry-On Service of the American Legion in Westchester County, N. Y., and many reports have reached the Y. D. V. A. of the exceptionally effective service for disabled veterans through that agency.

STATION B. O. W. L.

Hello folks. Here we are again and with some real news.

We are glad to announce the formation of a Bowling League composed of Veterans of the World War.

This league will start next fall as it is now too late in the season to get anywhere.

The YD Club of Boston has, after a lot of work and fun, managed to bring together the following organizations:

Reading Post, A. L.	Melrose Post, A. L.
Wakefield Post, A. L.	Arlington Post, A. L.
Malden Post, A. L.	YD Club of Boston

These teams have pledged their support in the big League.

The following are clubs who have not as yet come in, but we feel very sure they will later on:

Medford Post, A. L. Somerville Post, A. L.

The YD Club Team had a very busy month of foulings during February. No less than seven matches, with the following results:

January 31st
Melrose Post, A. L. vs. YD Club
(Won by Melrose)

February 2nd
YD Club vs. Wakefield Post, A. L.
(Won by Wakefield)

February 7th
YD Club vs. Melrose Post, A. L.
(Won by YD Club)

February 10th
YD Club vs. Malden Post, A. L.
(Won by YD Club)

February 16th
Wakefield Post, A. L. vs. YD Club
(Won by Wakefield)

February 24th
Arlington Post, A. L. vs. YD Club
(Won by YD Club)

February 24th
Somerville Post, A. L. vs. YD Club
(Won by Somerville)

In other words, we won three out of seven matches. Should have been better, but, of course, it could have been worse.

That's all; tune in on the April issue of YANKEE DOINGS for further news.

Station B. O. W. L., YD Club of Boston, signing off.

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM

Secretary PAUL E. JOHNSON, of the YD Club of Ansonia—Derby—Shelton and Seymour, Connecticut, sends in the following communication:—

"Down here in the 'sticks' we have a YD Club, and as Secretary I have been instructed to write you a few lines to let you know we are on the map and will try to furnish you with a little news for your paper, YANKEE DOINGS. Our organization is not very large at present, but what there is left of us have some good times and lively meetings. We have a room in the State Armory for meeting purposes every other Tuesday night.

The Club is planning to run a dance about the 22d of April in celebration of the Seichprey battle. Our last dance was on November 11th at the Ansonia Opera House, and we sure do get the crowd."

101st ENGINEERS' WELFARE ASSOCIATION

At the February meeting Mr. Leighton Rollins gave a very interesting talk on "Rhythm of Life" and reviewed three or four of the late novels, among them "Farmer John" which proved especially entertaining. Mr. Rollins is connected with the Repertory Theatre and is Poetry Editor of "Every Girl's Magazine."

Each member brought a valentine in a stamped envelope which were sent to men in the hospitals

Mrs. Carroll Swan sang several songs of patriotic nature in a beautiful voice, and patriotic readings were enjoyed.

The afternoon's program was in charge of Mrs. Fred B. Smith and tea was served by D Company.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Cummings, of Winchester, to Mr. Louis Hall, of Cambridge. Miss Cummings has been a faithful and untiring worker in the Welfare Association. She is a member of the hospital committee.

CES NOUVEAUX SOLDATS!

"How long do you want to enlist for?" asked the recruiting sarge.

"Duration," replied the applicant.

"Duration? They ain't no war."

"War, hell! Duration of peace!"

Cook: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the milk boiled over?"

New Kitchenmaid: "I did. It was a quarter past ten."

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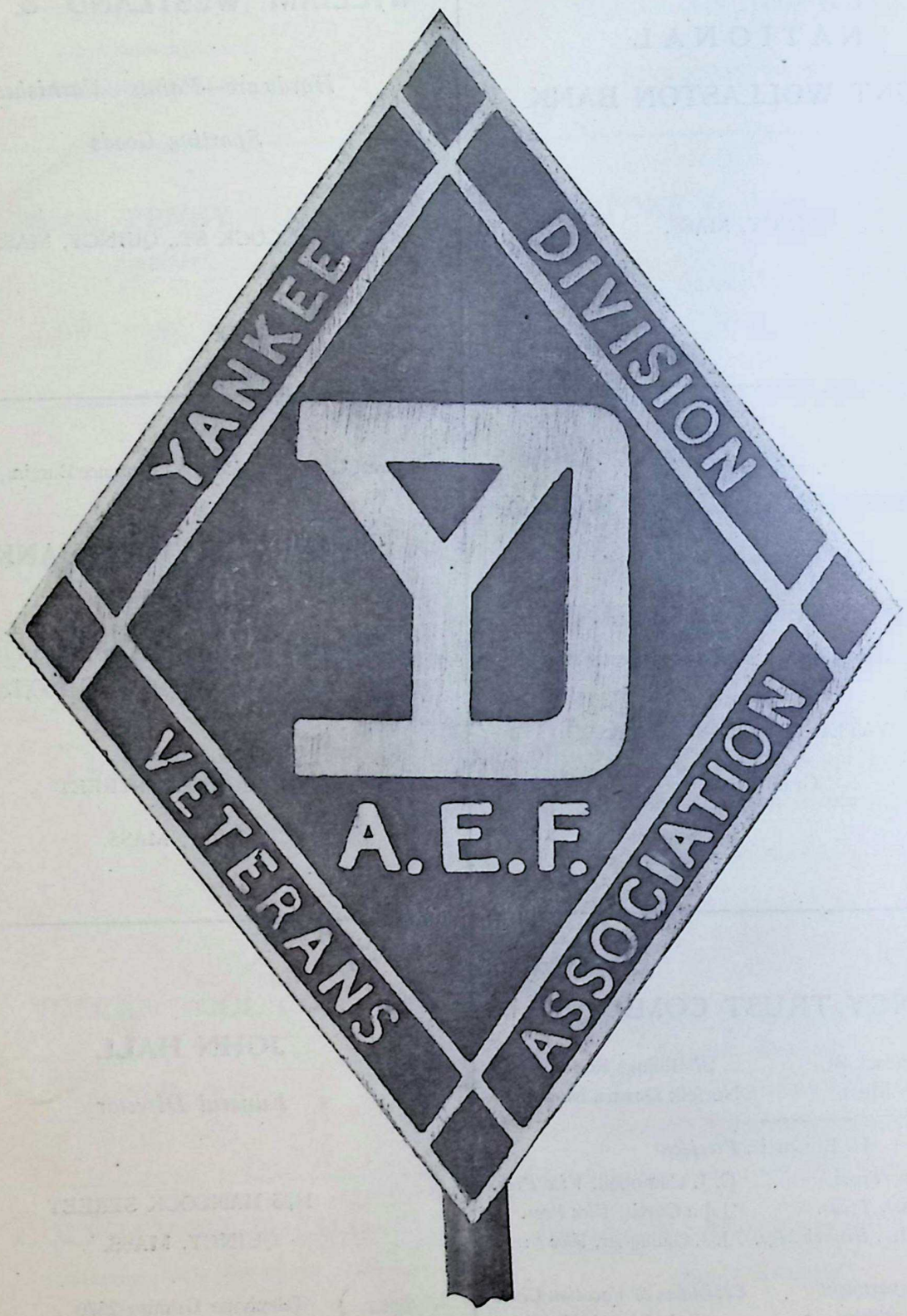

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